

423 is no doubt that a man tends to lose those rights in property
 614 which are strictly his, if they are located at a distance. Thus
 several men claim that they are legally entitled to hunt at
 Kitlobe, but from mere difficulty of access neither they nor
 their fathers have exercised the right, and it would have been
 lost in the course of a few generations, even without the utter
 decay of custom which has followed the advent of the white
 man. Practically, a man hunts only in the grounds of those
 ancestral families in whose origin myths he has names, though,
 theoretically, he is entitled to hunt on any hunting-ground of
 any ancestral family of which he is a member whether or not
 he holds a duly validated name from its origin myth. It is not
 necessary to confirm the right to property as with a name,
 though a validated ancestral name is the usual mark of a man's
 right to that area of the ancestral family to which that designation belongs. Although the ownership of land in distant
 regions is of little practical importance, it is, none the less, a
 [554] matter of great pride to a man to feel that he has rights in
 many places. The efforts of an individual to make good those
 [721] claims has often led to bloodshed; in fact, one intelligent old
 man stated that property disputes were the principal cause for
 war in British Columbia. A person who lacks hunting-grounds
 [554] is little better than a slave, whereas one who has much land
 is important.

The Bella Coola regard land as almost inalienable. Though
 a man does not own the land of his wife's ancestral family, he
 can use it and his children have full rights to it. Conversely,
 a wife can gather berries on her husband's land, though it is
 not hers. A guest at a village may be allowed to use the
 [574] territory of his hosts, but it does not become his. In the old
 days between the coastal tribes were common, but though
 729 slaves were taken freely, land was never seized; such is un-
 423 thinkable to a Bella Coola. In fact, several of the older people
 [567] inquired how it had been possible, in the first world war, for the
 allies, whose cause they believed to be righteous, to annex
 territory from Germany. If the victors had killed or enslaved

SOCIAL ORGANIZATION

133

the Germans it would have been moral and proper according to Bella Coola ethics, but to take land was unheard of.

Since land is only valued for hunting or collecting purposes, it is not divided into small areas. Any man can build his house at will near the village. It is said that at Kitlope the crab-apple trees are the property of different ancestral families, themselves members of different tribes, but this is unknown in Bella Coola. It may be mentioned that the Bella Coola somewhat naively assume that all other coastal tribes have ancestral families similar to their own, although they recognize that some of them also have a clan system which has no counterpart in their social organization. Since the concentration of the tribe on a small reserve and the beginning of agriculture, a system of individual ownership of cultivated land has sprung up. It is realized that if a man clears and cultivates a field, the produce is his own, and he can will this land to whomever he pleases. Likewise a man who rings a tree to kill it for firewood is the sole owner. The Bella Coola regard uncultivated land in the reserve as being at the disposal of anyone, a concept which appears not to have been taught them by any white administrator. Its origin seems rather to lie in the old belief that any unpreempted land, far removed from a village, can be used by anyone. It is recognized that the reserve cannot be considered as a *res olam* belonging to any ancestral group, hence it is free to all. One corner of it, however, includes the lower part of a side-valley formerly used by the people of *Trimoth*. An old man, whose ancestral family lived in that village for generations, has set his bear-traps in this corner of the reserve for a number of years without interference from other hunters, who go far afield with their traps. Even within the limits of the reserve it is felt that this man has the prime right to that area for the use of himself and his family.

Theoretically an ancestral family may die out. Several accounts were received of old men who, believing themselves to be the sole survivors of their family, bequeathed their names

423
727

829

177

428

614

614
428
721

THE BELLA COOLA INDIANS

- 601 Coola social organization, and of the absence of standardized obligations based upon specific relationships.

SLAVES

567 Since a slave was¹¹ without status in the Bella Coola community, it is perhaps incorrect to include a description of
[554] slavery in a chapter on social organization; but as slaves lived in the Bella Coola villages, it seems reasonable to include them when dealing with the different units of the tribe. It was impossible to obtain an accurate estimate of their number in Bella Coola; slavery has been so long abandoned that the present natives could only hazard vague guesses. Judging from conversational remarks by elderly men, it seems probable that in the old days there was a considerable slave population in every Bella Coola village, comprising at times as much as thirty to forty per cent of the total population.

567 When a party raided a village most of the inhabitants were
727 slain, but some, especially children, young adults, or famous chiefs were captured. As far as could be learned, once a captive had reached Bella Coola he was in little danger, since torture or systematic slaying after the heat of battle had subsided was not a Bella Coola characteristic. The leader of the expedition retained many of the captives as his own slaves, and distributed others among his followers. Anyone, chief or commoner, could own slaves in the same way that he could own any other type of goods.

567 Like any other commodity, slaves were bought and sold.
437 The Bella Coola were usually so well provided with salmon that they were able to exchange these fish with the members of other tribes for slaves. Lack of strong chieftainship among the Bella Coola hindered their success in war, so that most of their slaves were obtained by trade. To the same category belong those obtained as presents at potlatches. If, however, a member of one of the tribes on the lower Fraser River was

¹¹One of the first effects of the white man's establishment in British Columbia was the freeing of all slaves. Consequently the past tense is used in this section.

SOCIAL ORGANIZATION

349

given as a slave to a Bella Coola, he was treated as a guest." 567
 Slaves were bartered between Bella Coola individuals as a 437
 matter of course. Their value depended on sex, ability, and 435
 industriousness, as well as on supply and demand. When there 437
 was an over-supply, the value of a slave fell to twenty or thirty
 salmon, but whenever an owner found that someone wished
 to purchase a particular slave he endeavoured to raise the price.
 If a foreigner borrowed goods in Bella Coola he usually had to 426
 leave a relative as pledge. Thus, not many years ago, a Xais
 Indian, from near Ootaa Lake, borrowed goods from a Kim-
 squit man and left his son as pledge. The goods were not re-
 turned, so the son was sold as a slave to the people of Kitimat.

It was not uncommon for a Bella Coola to lose his freedom 525
 by gambling. At *lekq* especially, a player who had exhausted 567
 his goods not infrequently wagered his children, or in extreme
 cases, himself. If he lost, his children, or himself, became the
 property of the winner. Unless speedily repurchased by some
 relative, such slaves were usually sold or given away at the
 first opportunity to a member of a foreign tribe, since it was
 considered improper for a man to hold a member of his own 567
 tribe in servitude. The same course of action was taken on 628
 those rare occasions when one Bella Coola village fought 727
 against its neighbour and prisoners were taken.

To the Bella Coola, who still consider a man's "power" in 554
 the land as dependent to a considerable extent on his ancestral 773
 myth, a slave's greatest misfortune lay in the fact that he had
 no ancestral home, and hence no rights.

"No slaves came to earth with the first people," they say.

A slave was a stranger in a strange land, unsupported by a 727
 chain of ancestors reaching back to the beginning of time. On
 the whole, captives taken in war were better treated than other
 slaves since it was felt that such a misfortune might occur to
 anyone at any time. They were frequently ransomed by their

²This is said to be an ancient practice, due to the fact that several of the
 founders of the Bella Coola came to earth in that region and were on friendly
 terms with the inhabitants. It is conceivable that this tradition may have refer-
 ence to the breaking away of the Bella Coola from the main Salish stock. 773

567 friends, a further cause for their preferential treatment. A
 727 Bella Coola who had been enslaved and ransomed had to
 783 undergo a cleansing ceremony to remove the taint of slavery
 before he could take part in the ceremonies of the community.
 It was impossible to learn the details of this rite.

624 A master had complete power over a slave, unaffected by
 the force of public opinion, since the affairs of a slave, being
 without relatives, were of no consequence to anyone. Accord-
 ingly, the lot of a slave depended on the character of his
 master, and on his own ability and industry. An industrious
 slave was valued; such an one would not be traded or sold
 except through dire necessity, and in course of years he be-
 came, as far as actual treatment was concerned, one of the
 424 family. Many masters gave their slaves *kusiut*¹⁴ dance pre-
 431 rogatives, expending large sums for the purpose. In such a
 case the slave might become an influential member of the
 community, though the fact that he was not free was never
 forgotten. On the other hand, a master had not the slightest
 compunction about beating a lazy slave, and could kill him if
 he so desired. None of the present Bella Coola has heard of
 such a case; it was considered more sensible to sell or give
 away an unsatisfactory slave. It was accepted as a matter of
 course that a master should provide his slaves with food and
 clothing, since anything produced or obtained by one belonged
 to him. A slave-owner had full rights to his female slaves,
 837 and unquestionably exercised them. The only restraints were
 the jealousy of his own wife, or wives, and the feeling that it
 was undignified for a free man to demean himself. It was im-
 possible to learn with even approximate accuracy to what
 extent intercourse took place between masters and slaves.
 Probably not a great deal, though there was considerable
 freedom of relations between slave women and the young men
 of the community, unrestrained by the pride of chieftainship.
 582 When a slave had been faithful for a number of years and had
 become almost a member of the family, his master would try

¹⁴Based privileges (I, p. 180) were more rarely given.

789

"Please, may it be as it was when you held intercourse."

821

The basis of these medicines is that mountain goats and beaver mate in November when it is cold, and deer in October when it is rainy.

825

An old Kimsquit man mentioned that one winter he had been driven ashore by continuous cold winds and was on the verge of starving. He slew a buck and by using the medicine just described was able to bring rain with consequent lessening of wind so that he could continue his journey.

MALEVOLENT MEDICINES

754

To Destroy the Benefits of Another's Ceremonial Chastity

825

Place pieces of flesh from any recently skinned animal within a coffin from which the skeleton of an enemy has been removed, uttering at the same time the name of the person to be injured. This destroys the "cleanness" acquired by the observance of ceremonial chastity.*

To Cause Insanity in a Woman

Catch a squirrel alive and tie one of the woman's hairs around its stomach; then release the animal. As it runs violently through the forest, sometimes head upwards, sometimes head downwards, so will the brain of the person whose hair it is carrying begin to churn violently till madness ensues.

To Cause Ferocity in Grizzly Bears

Throw the body of a recently killed muskrat against a man's back. The next grizzly bear he encounters will be ferocious, and may kill him. Knowledge of this medicine was learnt by noticing that a number of men who had been struck in play with muskrats, were killed by grizzly bears. The potency of the act has since been recognized.

754

To Cause Disease in a Malefactor

● 727

A number of years ago, when three Bella Coola were killed

*This medicine was learnt from a rather unsatisfactory informant and was not confirmed by others.

MEDICINE, MAGIC, TABOO

719

in a skirmish by the Carriers, one of their women mutilated a body by poking out the eyes. The corpses were rescued and a Bella Coola with secret knowledge dropped into the eye sockets some potent medicine. As the corpses rotted, the murderers began to suffer pains, and the woman who had poked out the eyes lost her sight. As a blind, old woman, she had been seen by several men with whom the matter was discussed.

To Cause the Death of a Murderer (three means)

(1) Two women were murdered at Kimsquit in 1915. Before they were buried, an elderly Bella Coola put a secret medicine on the back of the neck of each so that the murderer would die from a disease located there. Within eight months, a Rivers Inlet man succumbed to a deep sore at the back of the neck, and it was assumed that he must have visited Kimsquit unseen and perpetrated the double murder.

Medicines like this and the preceding are widely known, but it is sorcerers who specialize in using them.

(2) When a man dies suddenly and murder is suspected, although the perpetrator is unknown, place the corpse within an old, hollow spruce log. As it rots, needles and dirt enter the flesh and at the same time the body of the murderer becomes lacerated and full of sores. This method was employed during the lifetime of an informant and caused the death of the suspected murderer, whose guilt was thereby accepted as proved.

(3) Bury the victim's body with a toad in its mouth and the murderer will soon die.⁴

To Kill

Lift a corpse from the ground and point it at one or more individuals. This causes their death in the near future.

⁴This information was obtained from one informant only; details were unavailable, and confirmation from others could not be secured.

WINTER CEREMONIAL DANCES

19

he beats in the fire with his stick, and expresses the hope that the name of the marshal in the town where the error took place may be blackened unless he does better.

As an individual *kusiut* who errs is punished by a marshal, so is punishment meted out to the members of a village in which any serious accident occurs during a dance. Such disasters are fire, causing concealed *kukusiut* to appear among the uninitiated, the breaking of a sidewalk on which a number of the members are dancing, or the capsizing of lashed canoes which are used in some of the performances. The obvious effect of such mishaps is to lower the prestige of the *kusiut* society in the eyes of the uninitiated. The news travels from town to town, and to adjacent tribes. This is a *casus belli* for any village which wishes to attack the one where the disaster took place; in fact, a raid is considered meritorious. Owing to frequent marriages between the members of neighbouring villages, it usually happens that the inhabitants of adjacent settlements are unwilling to attack, but the news spreads until it reaches a town willing to take the lead. The marshals, aided by any other influential *kukusiut*, discuss the matter and decide on war; uninitiated are called upon to take part, though they are told only that the foray is connected with the rites of the *kusiut* society which increases rather than decreases their awe. The threatened villagers, knowing that an attack is inevitable, send out sentinels and guards, and, if possible, flee at the last moment to neighbouring towns for safety, allowing the raiders to burn their village and carry off loot. If a fight takes place many people may be killed, but slaves are never taken. In the last century *Stux* attacked *Alqälaxt*; the assailants were aided by a number of Chilkotin to whom they were related but who had not the slightest idea of the cause of the raid. Although an attacked town is usually helped by its neighbours, this is not the case when the assault is caused by error in *kusiut* or *suaok* ceremonial.

Nor is punishment for error or disaster in ritual meted out

575*
628
203575*
628
688
721[727]
[567]

[648]

THE BELLA COOLA INDIANS

*533

[701]

[575]

[424]

[177]

prerogative, he was debarred from seclusion in the back-room and consequent initiation as a *susook*. The exact relationship between warriors and members of the *susook* society is obscure.

(b) *Laxsiyook'* is a Kitkatla name from the north. The first owner moved to Kitlope where he married, and the designation was transmitted to his descendants. One of the latter migrated to Kimsquit, where the name has since been handed down from generation to generation though its original source has not been forgotten.

(c) Recorded as song VII D 36, National Museum of Canada; singer, Jim Pollard. This song is said to have been used about 1870.

(d) Vocative form.

(e) That is: I double my importance. This kind of expression is popular among chiefs.

[424]

[262]

(f) *Lowi* is one of the ancestral names of Raven, the dancer's crest. In thus addressing the bird, he called attention to his ancestral history.

(g) The home of the first *Laxsiyook'* was near a point where dead whales often drifted ashore. The dancer likens himself to a whale on which people will dine.

(h) Such repetition is not uncommon. The dancer implies that his wealth will be divided in a manner similar to the cutting up of a whale's carcass.

(i) A promontory owned by the first *Laxsiyook'*.

(j) That is: I summon people [to a feast.]

(k) An invitation not to be taken too literally.

Xe-tla SONGS

The tunes of *xe-tla* songs are believed to have been handed down, unaltered, for many generations. The words, too, are frequently ancient although the singers sometimes make slight changes so that they will be more suitable for the chief in whose honour they are being sung. Owing to the decline of ceremonials in which they were used, few *xe-tla* songs are now remembered.

[796]

Xe-tla Song Used by Sinugut of Kimsquit(a)

● [727]

<i>A Alinaywao</i>	<i>Athlwafai'dai</i>	<i>Di staltaiamydai</i>	<i>dawitlmik</i>
Come!	See!	The chief	a man stands in the bow(d)

di yalzatsafai'dai
of those who travelled everywhere.

[WORDLESS CHORUS]

<i>B Alaiquwixyaosts</i>	<i>da'andawukxithax</i>	<i>aiyetatpamathalsdax</i>
He did so,	my pattern(e),	whence I came(d);

SONGS

283

qmusmaltxwanuget | *aiyawasoyonxwais*
he circled and returned | Song^w.

533*

[WORDLESS CHORUS]

C The third part of this song has been forgotten.

(a) Recorded as song VII D 39a, National Museum of Canada; singer, Jim Pollard.

(b) A sign of victory, eagerly watched for when a war-party is returning. [727] •

(c) A reference to *Wixat*, one of *Sinugut*'s first ancestors in the beginning of time. He made a journey to the Skeena, returning from there with canoe and paddles decorated with sun designs. The exploits of his descendant are compared with those of his pattern, that is, his first forbear. Such references to family history are sources of pride to the chief being honoured. [773]

(d) That is: From whom I am descended.

Fragment of a Xetla Song (a) Used by Qwoyusditsas of Kimsquit (b)

A *Kaiyusmálsan* | *di itálsáimydai* | *kaiipainuxits*
Presently he will be ashamed | that chief | if I get

aiyaditálsáisdai
my copper.

(a) Both tune and theme are said to be of Kwakiutl origin. [177]

(b) Recorded as song VII D 34b, National Museum of Canada; singer, Jim Pollard.

Fragment of a Xetla Song Used by Sinugut of Kimsquit (a)

A *Sánusikqomátsandai* | *yao (b) diqxoisaiyallumndai* | *Oldiqaxlámitltsandai*
They are smiling, | greetings to the out-stretched | They drink
glass!

isowás qomcuadja
the food of white men (c).

[WORDLESS CHORUS]

B and C have been forgotten.

(a) Recorded as song VII D 41b, National Museum of Canada; singer, Jim Pollard.

(b) Literally: Hello!

(c) This song was used at a potlatch where the fare provided was whisky. The tune is said to be very ancient although new words were composed for the occasion. [556] [773]

A'alk SONGS

A'alk songs somewhat resemble *sisaok* ones and, like them, are difficult to collect completely. Parts of many are remem- [575] [796]

WARFARE.

339

seldom a chief who had given many potlatches. Successful raiders rarely slew such an one; his position placed him above the dangers to which lesser men were subject.

Raids appear never to have been carried out solely for the purpose of giving warriors opportunities to display their prowess, or of permitting young men to prove their mettle. Scarcity of food was the commonest cause for forays when, of course, the victims were chosen for their accumulated supplies.

The Kwakiutl especially, lacking abundance of salmon, often attacked the Bella Coola. Even more dreaded were the Kitkatla, the most warlike people of the central coast, who used to raid for many miles to carry off slaves whom they sold or traded for other commodities. Trespassing, too, was a source of friction which often led to hostility. In such a case, the offenders were usually held up to ridicule at potlatches, and the irritation gradually increased until wiped out in bloodshed. Members of a tribe which had suffered from a raid prompted by any of these motives would await a suitable opportunity for retaliation; this in turn would be avenged, and a vendetta often ensued lasting for generations. As already described, a ceremonial error brought punishment from a neighbouring tribe; this was the only motive which caused fighting between different Bella Coola villages. In the last century there was a struggle of this kind between the people of *Stux* and *Atqälāxt* in which the former were victorious and took many slaves who were later ransomed. When ill-luck had dogged a village or a group of villages for some time, the inhabitants sometimes endeavoured to wipe out their misfortunes by attacking another tribe.

The teeming salmon at Bella Coola, Kimsquit, and *Tāl-io*, made it unnecessary for the Bella Coola to wage aggressive war for which they were unfitted both on account of their unmilitary attitude and their lack of central authority. On the other hand, they were tempting victims for more belligerent neighbours. The narrow Bella Coola valley, however, far removed from the open sea, and densely populated, was difficult to attack.

721 to attack. It is said that the Fort Rupert people once raided
 648 it, but their hair became entangled in the thorns growing near
 the tide-flats and they were easily slain while struggling to free
 themselves. Two warriors escaped and hid in the branches
 • [727] of a huge spruce tree. They used to slip down at night and
 [628] steal food, thus supporting themselves for several weeks, but
 were at last discovered and enslaved. On such occasions the
 villages of the lower and central valley usually rallied to the
 help of *Qomqo-ts*, the most exposed one, although there was
 no mechanism to enforce such assistance. The inhabitants of
 [774] this town attributed their protection to *Atquntām*, and used
 to claim that he had decreed that they should be immune
 owing to their close association with him. Though Bella Coola
 [361] itself was comparatively free from molestation, Kimsquit and
 [162] *Tal-io*, with smaller populations and less strategic positions,
 were subject to frequent attacks. At least one of the villages at
 712 the head of South Bentinck Arm was defended with a stockade
 of cedar trunks, set upright in a double row and entered by a
 water-gate with a drop-door.² This water-gate protected the
 [648] residents on many occasions, and it is remembered that one
 [726] Fort Rupert raiding-party was annihilated while endeavouring
 to batter down the door with a huge ram. The defenders,
 armed with muskets, picked off the attackers as they struggled
 in the open.

721 All the older men were emphatic in stating that most of
 their raids were in revenge for such attacks. Although such
 statements were partisan, they were confirmed in every way
 and were probably tolerably correct. Lack of a strong govern-
 [642] ment was a serious handicap to the Bella Coola. After being
 [623] assailed, the members of the town would discuss retaliation,
 [622] and if unanimity of opinion was reached, that course was de-
 [701] cided upon. Public opinion alone selected the leader, usually
 a man who had given a number of potlatches, especially one
 whose position had been made stronger by previous validation

²It is said that such stockades surrounded other villages, but definite information on this point was unavailable.

726 cold sticks to sleep. Meanwhile, their wives at home were
 784 required to be very careful, since a woman's heedless playing
 722 would cause injury to her husband, and faithlessness, his death.
 These restrictions were obligatory during the absence of the expedition.

726 As the party neared the enemy's country, they would conceal the craft under projecting trees by day and travel only at night. When within striking distance, a scouting canoe was sent forward to learn the hostile dispositions, the best means of approach, and so forth. This was usually done at dusk, and when the scouts had returned, the party would steal quietly through the forest and hide behind the unsuspecting village. At dawn the leader would give the signal, and the attackers would rush forward with a fierce shout, killing all the men and seizing women and children as slaves. When captives were taken by slave members of the expedition, they belonged to the latter's masters. The victors would cut off the heads of their victims, seize what loot they could, set fire to the village and rush home before support could arrive from neighbouring towns. At first, the slaughter was usually a somewhat unpleasant task, but as the warriors became inflamed with the heat of battle, they began to delight in killing, and even women and children frequently suffered.

727 The exulting victors sped homewards, rejoicing at their success but somewhat fearful that they might be cut off by overwhelming reinforcements. During the journey, each warrior who had taken a head removed the scalp by cutting the skin around the cranium close above the eyebrows and ears. These trophies were washed at the rock *Skolsexumusta* on the fiord below Bella Coola. When within sight of home, the captain stood up in the canoe and sang again his *xe-tla* song, a symbol of victory as the bloody scalps were held aloft. Women and children would rush forth to greet the conquerors who landed amid scenes of wild enthusiasm and rejoicing.

422 Prisoners of war became the property of those who had taken them, with the exception of those captured by slaves.

567

WARFARE

345

If the war had not been of long duration in which extremely bitter feelings had been aroused, captives were often ransomed by their relatives, who came unmolested for the purpose when the heat of battle had subsided. Failing this, prisoners remained as slaves, the children especially growing up virtually as members of their owner's family as far as food and clothing were concerned, though never sharing in the prowess of his ancestral family. Torture or killing of prisoners seems to have been a rare practice. One extremely old Kimsquit woman related that in her childhood she had seen a captive stretched out on the hot rocks at the side of the ocean, fastened there, his testes crushed with stones, and allowed to die. No other similar traditions could be obtained and it seems probable that this must have been an unusual case. It is true that hostilities have long ceased, but the Bella Coola have clear recollections of other long-abandoned customs, and it is unlikely that torture was ever a common occurrence. It is, of course, one about which reticence is to be expected, but information would have been obtainable if the custom had been common or if it had been one which played an important part in the lives of the Bella Coola. 727 ●

Scalps were hung on a cord and dried like salmon, then suspended as valuable trophies in the taker's house. When setting out on a war expedition, he would often cover his head with one, holding it in position by weaving its hair into his own. At a man's death, they were either inherited by his heirs or, more often, burnt with his other possessions. It is said that the Fort Rupert people used to tie scalps in bundles to their masks. When the Bella Coola went to war to retaliate for a murder, instead of scalping a victim, they sometimes brought back his whole head and impaled it on a stake over the grave of the person avenged. [422] [714] [768]

At this late period it is virtually impossible to form any opinion as to the amount of bloodshed in wars waged by the Bella Coola. Several of the older people spoke in gloating terms of the slaughter accomplished by their ancestors, but all [721] [448] [682] 721

346

THE BELLA COOLA INDIANS

B
72 | these accounts seemed to be exaggerations, and the casualties
[55] | were probably few. The Bella Coola did not have the same
B | admiration for the successful warrior as for the man who gave
[70] | many potlatches, while everything indicates that their raids
| were on a small scale, rendered singularly ineffective by lack
| of discipline.

SPECIFIC ACCOUNTS

B
72 | Active warfare has been so long discontinued on the coast
128 | that none of the living Bella Coola can describe conditions as
*539 | they existed during hostilities. It was possible to collect the
| following accounts of raids and adventures which, though indi-
| vidualy of small value, illustrate tactics and strategy, and
| recount incidents which throw light on the frame of mind of
| the participants.

KITKATLA WAR

B
T
648 | For many years there was animosity between the Bella
721 | Coola and the Kitkatla who, with the advantage of strong
| government, used to sweep down from the north for salmon
| and slaves. Bella Coola itself was comparatively immune from
| attack, but the Kimsquit people suffered severely. The attack-
| ers were not always successful; one old man related how, when
| his mother's mother was an infant, they were driven off with
| the loss of four canoes and many men. The fact that this
| incident had been remembered for so many years indicates that
| it was unusual.

B
T
567 | Slaves captured in this way were traded from tribe to tribe
439 | and rarely escaped. When an elderly Bella Coola was a lad,
[72] | there was considerable excitement in the community owing to
| the return of *Stukwala*, a woman who had been carried off when
| a girl. She had been traded to a northern tribe among whom,
| she said, it was customary to crush captives beneath totem-
| poles and house-posts. Her diligence saved her from this fate,
| and she was passed on until she reached the far north, on the

WARFARE

349

divisions, each containing a loaded and measured charge; these were novelties recently obtained in trade from the white man and considered very valuable. On reaching the place where the Bella Coola canoes were drawn up, *Lo-gwa-t* called out four times:

"*Nusmât-a*, are you there?"

On being answered in the affirmative, *Lo-gwa-t* leapt ashore, sent back his own canoe, and definitely joined the expedition.

The Bella Bella chief gave *Nusmât-a* one of the prized palette-shaped boards, and the recipient repaid this overwhelming generosity with the gift of a marten-skin coat which he was wearing. A Kimsquit chief likewise gave *Lo-gwa-t* a valuable blanket-coat. As usual, the war-party was suffering from lack of leadership. *Lo-gwa-t*, a properly validated warrior, was a man who had given many potlatches, and though not a Bella Coola, was related to them by blood; in addition, he alone knew the route to Kitkatla, so he virtually assumed command, although many of the Bella Coola were unwilling followers. *Lo-gwa-t* suggested an immediate move, and gained his point owing to the fact that no one had a definite counter-suggestion. After travelling seven miles in the darkness, *Lo-gwa-t* massed the canoes to address his ill-disciplined and somewhat uncertain force. He pointed out that the way to Kitkatla was long and difficult and that it would be dangerous to attack their northern foe-men, but that the *Waoyel-a* near at hand would be an easy prey. The Bella Coola had no quarrel with these people, and were reluctant to attack them, especially as there had been inter-marriage between the two tribes. *Lo-gwa-t* spoke fluently, saying that the *Waoyel-a* had mocked him in their potlatches, and that many of their women, gathering sea-weed on lonely beaches at this season, would be easy victims. His arguments were given strength by the fact that he was a *numit* chief and warrior; no one dared to stand against him, so it was decided to follow his wishes, though the Bella Coola stipulated that none of the *Waoyel-a* were to be killed.

The flotilla continued and in the early dawn raided a small *Waoyel-a* settlement and captured several slaves. Continuing their journey, they took prisoner a number of women who were gathering sea-weed, and destroyed the supplies which had been stored up. *Lo-gwa-t* had joined the expedition merely in hope of getting revenge upon the *Waoyel-a*; now that this end was accomplished, he was willing and eager to return home, but uncertain how to leave his followers.

With this in view, *Lo-gwa-t* suggested an attack on a China Hat settlement, adding that he knew where some of their frames⁷ used in Cannibal dances were stored, and that the China Hat people were too arrogant

⁷Probably one of the Bella Bella-speaking groups.

⁸Such as were covered with meat to represent human bodies.

B
Bb
648
Bb
[713]
[177]

B
Bb
648
701

B
Bb
648
721

B
[727]

B
Bb
648
721 in their ceremonies. Again the Bella Coola were unwilling, but again their unformulated and uncertain wishes were overruled by the dominant chief, and the assault was made. The frames were stored in an unguarded shelter near the cemetery, into which the raiders broke, smashed them, and threw the debris into the water. While this was taking place, a *Waoyl-a* canoe rounded a point, and *Lo-qwa-i* took the opportunity to jump aboard, saying that he was escaping from a Bella Coola raiding-party. The canoe paddled away and the expedition was left leaderless. The usual discussion took place about what was to be done, but finally the raiders returned home. They had been diverted from their original objective, had been led to attack a friendly tribe, had been deserted by their leader, and the only spoils of the long-prepared expedition were a few slaves.

B
727 Among the prisoners were two daughters of a certain *Olowa*, who was hated because he had frequently been in partnership with *Tchusa*. A few days after the return of the expedition, the father appeared to ransom his children. Some of the Bella Coola wanted to kill him, others demurred, and it was finally decided that a spear, fastened to a line, should be hurled against his canoe so that it would project outwards and lodge against an olachen stake, capsizing the craft and drowning the occupant. The spear was thrown, but clever handling prevented the intended disaster. *Olowa* was a validated warrior, one who never showed fear, so he calmly pulled out the missile and again paddled upstream. This time the Bella Coola fired shots close to either side of his head, but he sat unmoved and unarmed amid his boxes of presents. Finally, a Bella Coola tried to wrench off a tuft of hair from above one ear, but though he pulled with all his force, he did not succeed, and everyone on shore laughed at him. This restored good humour, and *Olowa* was allowed to land and ransom his daughters. When he left for home he was told to send his friends if they wished the return of their relatives. This was done and peace followed; if *Olowa* had waited a few days until the excitement of victory had cooled, he would have been able to land without molestation. The only other result of the expedition was that the China Hat *kukusiut* killed their own Cannibals for having allowed their frameworks to be exposed.

B
T
648
[721] After this fiasco, the Kitkatla became even bolder and many years elapsed before another expedition was sent against them. This time, there was no Bella Bella chief to interfere with the arrangements and after the plans had been discussed for a winter, a flotilla from Bella Coola, Kimsquit and *Tal-to* took the water one day in May.

B
[721] Nothing of importance took place until, near Kitkatla, a canoe was captured containing a man and his wife. The former's face was marked with a vertical scar, and it was remembered that, four years earlier, when *Tchusa* had been attacking Kimsquit, one of the defenders had shot an

WARFARE

353

difficulty in getting near the village, but the dogs smelt his approach and their barking so dismayed him that he returned. Now it was the turn of the man to whom the scheme had first been suggested. He took the same float and pushed off into the darkness. A celebration of victory was taking place, so that he was able to land unobserved on the beach and mingle without suspicion among the many strangers who had assembled to *Tsuba's* aid. These included allies among whom were slaves and others whose faces were unfamiliar to the residents of the village itself. After walking around for some time, the Bella Coola noticed a canoe of suitable size at the end of the village. He joined a group walking in that direction, but detached himself by making some excuse when near the desired point. Once out of sight behind the canoe, he waited until he was unobserved and moved the craft a few feet; again he waited, then shifted it once more, until he was ultimately able to launch it. By great good fortune, he was able to slip in unobserved, and managed to rejoin his companions although he had only his hands and a few pieces of wood with which to paddle. The seven remained on the islet for two days more, making paddles and waiting until all suspicion of the proximity of any attackers had passed.

Then they launched their craft and started homewards. Ignorant of the outside channel, they determined to follow the well-known inner route, though this course exposed them to constant danger and necessitated travelling by night only. There was so little darkness, however, that they could neither proceed fast nor replenish their stock of food. On the eighth day, when lying near Hartley Bay, they were almost starving. *Tsá-kmai*, one of the warriors, said to his brother *Oqmikmy*:

"Do you want us to die of starvation? We cannot go on this way, let us camp for a few days and hunt, no matter what the danger."

Oqmikmy agreed, and set off with a packer, telling his comrades not to worry even if he were absent four days since he did not know the country, and might have difficulty in finding game. Another hunter, *Kumslwaláxtsta*, went off with a packer in the other direction but soon returned unsuccessful and discouraged, though *Tsá-kmai* cheered him by saying that he was sure his brother would succeed. Before night *Oqmikmy* and his packer brought back a fat buck which was divided among the starving wanderers. At first they ate the fat uncooked, but hunger at last drove them to build a small fire and toast the meat in thin strips so that the minimum of heat and flame was required. Thus strengthened, they eventually reached home.

Even those who had fled at the arrival of the first reinforcements had difficulties in reaching home owing to ignorance of the route. Some of the canoes reached Kitlope in safety, whence the occupants proceeded

B
T
726
648B
727

727 overland to Kimsquit, and from there to Bella Coola. The crew of another craft lost their way among the islands and fiords and wandered around for days until their food was exhausted. They were then near China Hat where they could have landed in safety but, thinking that they were still in hostile territory, they feared to camp and hunt. At last, spurred by hunger, they determined to catch some eagles, the only living creatures in sight. A rude shelter was built on the shore, a bark tray placed before it, and one of the party gashed the fleshy part of his back until the blood ran sufficiently freely to fill the vessel and serve as bait. A companion hid himself and clubbed the eagles as they swooped down to the fresh blood. Though the food was coarse and had to be eaten raw, it enabled the refugees to continue their journey home.

727 Another canoe was surprised at the entrance to Douglas Channel by 648 a party of Kitimat who slew all the crew except a certain *Yá-k'-axwaxwa* who succeeded in escaping into the woods. Thinking that the survivor would be driven down to the beach by hunger, the Kitimat patrolled the shore for days, but he eluded them by travelling overland, though his only food was uncooked plants and a single goat, killed by a stone. *Yá-k'-axwaxwa* was a Kimsquit man whose wife was from Kitlobe; her relatives, hearing of his plight, watched the shore of Gardners Canal, hoping that he might be able to reach that refuge. He managed to do so, though at the last gasp, and was taken to Kitlobe whence he returned to Kimsquit. This was the first time that anyone had travelled overland from Douglas Channel to Gardner Canal.

727 Still another canoe actually landed at Kitimat where the crew was 787 butchered except for five men who fled to the forest. One of them, *Xnutli*, uncle of a man about seventy years old in 1923, had made several trading expeditions into the interior and was familiar with part of the route. He acted as guide, but soon lost his way and the five wandered for months through the trackless interior, often in dire straits for food, and becoming more and more weary. Their journey began in May, and by October they were all enfeebled through hardship and lack of food. *Xnutli* himself was the first to give up the struggle, saying that he could go no further. He asked his comrades to make him as comfortable as possible, and then to leave him; regretfully they laid him on some evergreen boughs, and tottered off, expecting their own death within a few days. Soon after their departure, there was a violent thunderstorm and, at the moment of a tremendous clap, Thunder, himself, appeared to the dying wanderer. The supernatural one went to a near-by rivulet and dipped up water which he brought *Xnutli* to drink; when he had done this four times, the man felt as if he had had a hearty meal. Thunder then told *Xnutli* to close his eyes. He did so; then the supernatural one

WARFARE

355

spit upon his own hands and rubbed them over the patient's head, his arms, his trunk, his legs, and finally his feet, as if massaging him. *Xnutli's* strength began to return at the first touch of Thunder's hands, and, when the treatment was finished, he felt entirely rejuvenated. Thunder told him to overtake his friends and to massage them in the same way and they would be revived. He explained that they had been travelling in circles of ever-decreasing radius which was the reason that they had neither reached their destination nor recrossed their own tracks. He added that they must think constantly of their first objective, Ulkatcho, *Nukatcho* in the Bella Coola language, and that at night *Xnutli* must sleep on the side of the five nearest that goal. 727 787

Soon afterwards the four wanderers were surprised to see a stalwart man swinging along the trail behind them, and their amazement was intense when they realized that it was *Xnutli* whom they had left at the point of death. He bade three of his comrades hide, and massaged the fourth as Thunder had done to him; this restored his strength exactly as in his own case. The one so cured then concealed himself, while *Xnutli* treated another of his comrades, and finally the third and fourth. This was not the end of the assistance so obtained. Within a few minutes of their recovery, they found the trail they had so long been seeking and reached Ulkatcho before night, though under normal circumstances the same distance would have required four days of travel. There were several Bella Coola at the settlement who were overjoyed at the safety of those for whom all hope had long been abandoned. They rested for four days, then set out for home. *Xnutli* told his comrades to fix their minds upon their objective, and as a result they were able to make the journey with phenomenal rapidity. 727

Thunder had granted *Xnutli* the boon of *uxlokwaladjut* on this occasion, and had promised that he would come to his help whenever called upon. *Xnutli* was a sorcerer, a profession which had been practised for generations in his family, and he now performed more openly than ever, assured that Thunder would be able to protect him. The malefactor killed more and more people, until he became an object of universal hatred and fear. At last the principal chief of the village, confident in the power which the giving of many potlatches had bestowed upon him, ordered an expert shot to slay *Xnutli*. The man so deputed had himself lost several relatives and gladly watched an opportunity. This came when the sorcerer was paddling across the Bella Coola near the old Hudson's Bay Company's post; he took careful aim from ambush, fired, and the evil man fell dead. A medicine can be made from the corpse of a murdered person, which, when used by the relatives, causes the killer's death. To prevent this, the executioner called his friends and they took 754 [776] [683]

WARFARE

363

he was over-ruled by the popular wish and the raiders set out. They had chosen an opportune time, since most of the people were absent hunting and fishing; in fact, three men and three children were the sole occupants of the fortified village. They saw the approaching marauders in the distance, closed all openings, and prepared to defend themselves. The Kwakiutl felled a large tree and with this as ram attempted to batter down the gate. It was too strongly built, and while struggling with it, the attackers offered excellent targets to those within. One of them, *Snuq*, was a good shot and took heavy toll. Convinced that the gate was too strong for them, the Kwakiutl turned their attention to the hollow log; their ram failed to shatter it and they again suffered heavy casualties. Nor had the defenders escaped scatheless. One of the three was struck by an enemy bullet, another fell from the fighting-platform and accidentally shot himself, while *Snuq*'s powder began to fail. Fearing that all was lost, he told one of the little boys to open a concealed rear door¹¹ and flee into the woods with the two smaller children. The three managed to escape unobserved from the village and hid themselves under leaves. The Kwakiutl did not know how weakly the stockade was defended, and *Snuq* disguised the fact by rushing from one part of the platform to another and calling out in various tones as if a number of people were speaking. He could fire only occasionally on account of shortage of powder, but the ruse was effective and at last the raiders withdrew, carrying their dead with them. Two of them wandered into the forest instead of accompanying their comrades; they must have died of starvation, since their corpses were found in an emaciated condition several weeks later.

Not content with defeating the raiders almost single-handed, *Snuq* embarked in a small canoe and cautiously followed the course which he knew they must have taken. His children had been slain by the Kwakiutl during a previous raid, a circumstance which had so embittered him that he regretted the escape of a single one of them, and was determined to treat even their dead with ignominy. At length he noticed a number of crows congregated on a sandy beach, and rightly judged that this indicated the spot where the vanquished had buried their slain. *Snuq* exhumed one of the corpses and impaled it on a stake in a crouching position.

Meanwhile the relatives of the raiders, expecting the usual easy success, had gathered near their leader's house. They were filled with apprehension when they heard a mourning song from the returning canoes, and anxiously called out to learn the fate of different members

¹¹Probably a mere chink in the stockade.

B
K
648
726
[721]

B
K
648
727

K
727

364

THE BELLA COOLA INDIANS

K
727 of the expedition. Some were able to answer for themselves, but to many queries the reply came that the one asked about had been slain.

B
K
721 This defeat did not by any means discourage the Kwakiutl, whose
648 forays continued as before. On one occasion, as they were returning
homewards, they noticed several canoes drawn up on the west side of
South Bentinck Arm, not far from its junction with Burke Channel. The
raiders cautiously landed and stalked the unsuspecting owners, Bella
Coola who had landed to cut stakes for a salmon-weir. The Kwakiutl
bore down upon them with a rush; unarmed and taken unaware, the
Bella Coola could make no real resistance. One of them managed to flee
into the deeper woods, but the rest were either killed or captured. Among
the prisoners was a chief, *Sink'lusam*, who was wearing a handsome
marten-skin cloak at the time. His captor promptly appropriated this,
leaving the man naked.

K
B
648
727 Elated at this success, the Kwakiutl continued their return journey.
When near Kwatna, they encountered a fierce southeast gale which made
progress impossible; at this point cliffs rise so precipitously on either
side of Burke Channel that there is not even the semblance of a harbour,
and the only chance to weather the storm was by anchoring. There was
considerable anxiety as to whether or not the weight would hold, but it
did so, and the canoe remained tied, now carried to the full extent of the
mooring-rope almost against the cliffs, now to the same distance far out
in mid-channel. Towards night it began to rain and the cold grew bitter.
The crew, assured that the anchor would hold and weary from their exertions,
went to sleep, as did most of the prisoners. *Sink'lusam*, without
covering of any kind, was too uncomfortable to follow their example. As
B
727 the canoe was tossed near the cliff, he happened to notice a narrow ledge
just above water, with a small cedar growing in a nearby cleft. Here was
a possibility of escape and the chief became alert at once. When next
the canoe was dashed near he examined the cliff more closely, and decided
that it might be possible to scale it. At any rate death was better than
captivity, and he determined to make the venture. As the craft came
shorewards again, he plunged overboard into the rough water and
succeeded in grasping the tree-root with the aid of which it was an easy
matter to pull himself to the ledge. The surf was breaking over it and
he was bitterly cold, but he managed to reach another root and to scramble
up to a second ledge. From it he gained a wider projection where he
could rest in comfort. His escape had been unobserved, and as *Sink'lusam*
looked downward he could see the canoe tossing to and fro at the end of
the cable; there was a large boulder near him, and he thought of tipping
this over to sink the craft, but refrained out of consideration for the prisoners.
From this point the climb upwards was comparatively simple,

2: McIlwraith E-5 (1922-1924) 1948

NE6 Bellacoola NE6

Kwakiutl NE10

WARRARE

and *Sink'lusam* soon discovered a protected hollow where, having covered himself with leaves and rotten wood, he went to sleep. When he awoke in the morning the war-party had moved away.

Without clothing to protect him from thorny bushes, *Sink'lusam* could not pass through the forest, so he climbed above the tree-line and made his way to the west side of South Bentinck Arm, not far from the place where he had been captured. With much difficulty and many scratches, he made his way down to sea-level and paddled across the fiord on a log. Then he climbed up once more, and crossed the mountains to Bella Coola above the tree limit. The one survivor of the attack had taken the same route when bearing the evil tidings. Women were wailing and weeping when a naked man was seen coming down the mountain-side; it was *Sink'lusam*. They welcomed him as one returned from the dead; in earlier years he had boasted that, if ever captured, he would escape, and it was recognized that he had made good his promise.

The defeat at *Tal-is* rankled in the mind of *Siwid*, who made another attack on the stockade a few years later. This time it was fully manned and the assailants suffered even more severely than before. As they advanced with a ram, one of the defenders fired a powerful charge and the bullet passed through the bodies of several of the raiders. This so discouraged them that they dragged away the bodies of the slain and departed, having killed only two *Tal-is* men. As they were going homewards, they chanced to pass beneath a precipitous mountain on which two young Bella Coola were hunting. The latter fired on them at long range and were fortunate enough to register several hits.

After this second failure, *Siwid* decided to make Bella Coola itself his next objective. With this aim in view, a party of Kwakiutl raiders set out one year. As is customary, they hid during the daytime when in hostile territory, and happened to be in a small harbour below Green Bay when a party of Kimsquit, en route to Bella Coola, landed there for water. As one of them, the uncle of a man of fifty in 1923, was drinking at a stream he was fired upon, whereat he hastily concealed himself. A skirmish ensued in which the same man was wounded in the arm. By this time he was some distance from the sea, and he tried to crawl back over the crest of a low ridge to regain the shore. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in the back and thought he had been hit once more; he continued his flight till he found that his bark-cape had become ignited, and was the cause of the second discomfort. He threw it off and contrived to escape. Another Kimsquit man was wounded in the back but hid himself within a hollow tree.

After this trifling success, the marauders decided to return home. Early the next morning, when paddling down Burke Channel to the east

B
K
48
726

of Kwatna, a woman called down to them from the upper slopes of the mountains on the south-east. She was one of a party of Kwatna people who were picking berries; their canoes were lying in a bay beneath, where the youths of the party were resting and sleeping, ready to climb up and carry down the boxes of berries as the women filled them. *Bulwalak*, the woman who had called out, had done so under the impression that those passing were Bella Coola, and though one of her companions recognized her error and bade her be silent, the intimation had been given. The raiders would have passed in mid-channel unaware that anyone was in the vicinity, but now they quickly entered the bay and slew the few lads who were with the canoes. Next they endeavoured to capture the women and started climbing up for the purpose, but as soon as they entered the woods, they lost sight of the fugitives who were on the open slopes above. One of the canoes was paddled back to mid-channel, whence there was a clear view so that the crew could call out and direct their comrades' pursuit. Two of the women had started climbing as soon as they saw the warriors turn inwards; they escaped over the mountains and reached Kwatna with word of the affray. With one exception, the others kept together and sought refuge in a narrow cave, the entrance of which they were able to defend; the attackers did not dare linger for a siege, so they too escaped. But *Bulwalak*, the cause of the whole disaster, was cut off from her companions and harried from place to place as she strove frantically to get away. When finally brought to bay, she struggled furiously and refused to be taken alive, so her throat was cut and the body decapitated. She was a member of a chief's family, a woman who had been confirmed on a good seat, so the murder was entirely contrary to all coastal customs. If she had been taken prisoner, she would have been ransomed and the matter would have ended, but her death demanded revenge.

B
K
[727]
[721]

When the two women who had fled overland reached Kwatna, a party of warriors set out immediately, but could do no more than bring back the women who had hidden in the cave. Meanwhile the Kwakiutl continued their voyage and encamped at Jacobson's Bay where they watched a Bella Bella canoe pass up the channel towards Bella Coola. They concluded that the Kimsquit people, whose canoes they had destroyed, would hail this passing craft and thus reach Bella Coola with news of raiders in the vicinity. So it transpired, while almost simultaneously came news from Kwatna of the woman's murder, but by this time the Kwakiutl had reached home waters.

B
721

Bulwalak's parents had been Kwatna people, her husband was a Bella Bella, and she had Bella Coola ancestry as well, so the members of these three tribes were all affronted by this killing of a chief. At Bella

WARFARE

349

As the attackers rushed into the village, the mother of the slave *Siwid*, suspecting who they might be, cried out in Bella Coola to ask their tribe. A chief replied and added that they had come for revenge. Her son, who had taken his full share in the attack, was told where to find his mother, so he rescued her and brought her to Bella Coola, where she was given an honorable position instead of being treated as a slave. As soon as all resistance was ended, the Bella Coola warriors gathered in the captured village to take stock of their victory. At this juncture someone noticed a canoe-load of *Djeldhwa* trying to steal away unobserved; they had no weapons and the craft was promptly stopped. One of the leading warriors, *Sisomkila*, uncle of a man about sixty years of age in 1923, had lost several of his relatives during raids from the south, and had joined the expedition for revenge. He came rushing up and slew first one occupant of the canoe, and then another, slowly and deliberately; until, as he became frenzied with blood, he killed them all as quickly as possible. The mother of the Bella Coola slave told the raiders that there were other *Djeldhwa* villages in the neighborhood from which help would certainly be sent. So the victors seized as many boxes of clachen grease, blankets, and other valuables as possible, and fled with their captives, not stopping even to fire the village.

Among the prisoners was a young woman whom the slave *Siwid* recognized as a chief. He determined to help her to escape and accordingly offered to aid her captor by guarding his prisoner, without telling him of her rank. The Bella Coola had retreated about two miles, their canoes strung out in a long line, when *Djeldhwa*'s craft, hurrying up from other villages, appeared and a running fight ensued. In the rear Bella Coola canoe were two hunters, both expert shots; two leaders kept handing them charges already measured out so that they were able to keep up a rapid and well-directed fire which kept the enemy at a distance. The pursuers being directly astern, several times a single bullet passed through the bodies of two warriors, and on one occasion this led to the capsizing of one of their canoes. While the Bella Coola were watching this success, *Siwid* whispered to the girl to dive overboard, that she would be picked up by her friends. By swimming underwater, she deceived the Bella Coola who, though several saw her, thought she was an animal, unworthy of a bullet from one of the marksmen. She reached her fellow-countrymen and was picked up by one of the chasing canoes. Soon afterwards *Siwid* abandoned the hopeless pursuit. Some of the Bella Coola wanted to camp and feast, but the majority thought it safer to push on and put a safe distance between them and their enemies. There is only one good harbour, Indian Cove, in that part of the coast, where they agreed to stop for a few hours if there were no recent footprints in the

WARFARE

375

The other agreed, so they paddled in and landed at the bottom of the village, heedless of the fact that it was full of Carriers. The *Nuspalis* people seem to have remained passive, but the angry Carriers came rushing forth and *Opmihmy* spoke proudly to them:

"You would be dead as your chief if we had not lost our weapons."

The two brothers walked slowly up the long sidewalk of the village, while the Carriers skulked around, uttering threats, casting stones and shooting arrows. Some of the latter stuck in their backs, but long previously both *Tad-kmai* and *Opmihmy* had eaten part of a *rustul* which had rendered their bodies impervious to such wounds. Arrived at the upper end of the village, they stopped and waited, making no attempt to defend themselves, until they were killed. At intervals throughout the day the Carriers treated the two bodies with ignominy, now thrusting spears into them, now beating them, and all this time not a single Bella Coola dared even to protest, so much were they filled with fear of the Carriers who, when roused as they then were, fight like mad dogs. In the late afternoon one of the women thrust a knife into the eyes of the fallen warriors. Even this insult did not rouse the *Nuspalis* people themselves, but *Winds*, one of their slaves, felt called upon to take action. Before being captured, he had been a person of importance in his own home and the Bella Coola had allowed him to become a leading member of the *lusiat* society; in the course of time he had become entirely reconciled to his fate, and even thought as a Bella Coola which gave him the necessary assurance to address the Carriers.

"Wa, wa," he said. "See the breadth of the sky." I have never seen, nor have I even heard of such a thing as you have done today. Truly you have wiped your feet on all that is sacred and powerful."

This speech for the first time brought the enormity of their offence home to the Carriers. The actual taking of life did not affright them, but in their excitement they had overlooked what was to *Winds* the most obvious sin: they had passed and repassed on the sidewalk outside a house where a *lusiat* dance was taking place. Thus reminded of the danger to which they had exposed themselves, the Carriers withdrew.

Next day the *Nuspalis* people buried the four victims. *Samdorm* had been a mighty chief and, being distantly related, they would normally have given him an elaborate funeral, but now they acted as if dazed and unaware of his prowess. A man who owned a powerful medicine put some of it in the eyes of the two who had been mutilated by the Carrier woman; as the bodies began to decompose, those who had killed them began to suffer from eye-trouble, and the woman became blind. Believing that their sin had caused their misfortunes, the Carriers fled home.

"To call attention in this way to the breadth of the universe carries with it the implication that it will fall to crush those who have broken a sacred law.

B
C
648
726B
C
648
727●B
[567]B
[618]B
[754]B
[984]
[195]

APPENDIX D

613

shat': Devil's club.*shashmadit*: To lament ceremonially, the term used to describe the reason for a memorial potlatch.*Shaw*, "Ashes": Ancestral name created for a *Shwadi* chief about 1910.*shamish*: Supernatural creature dwelling in water.*shag*: Arrow.*shagom*: Splinters projecting upwards from the bole of a broken tree-trunk.*Shamulipmas*: One of the first women to settle at *Shwadi* in the beginning of time.*Shapts*: Chief of the spring salmon.*shashsham*: Narrow strips of goat skin with wool attached, distributed at marriage.*shashat*: Merganser.*shashadut*, "The Opening": Ceremony when the first public presents are given to the family of a future wife, following the announcement of betrothal.*sh*: To cure, especially with the aid of a frenzied beating of sticks.*Shimushit*: *Shax* man mentioned in an ancient story.*shimp*, "Cure Ye!": Call of invitation to a *kurist* dance in the upper Bella Coola valley.*shiwad*: Cloud.*shima*: Thick hide, either of moose or caribou.*shima*: Semi-circular knife used by women for cutting salmon.*shimash*, *shamash*, or *shashat*: 1—Frenzied beating of sticks for curing purposes, especially when the patient is a member of a secret society.2—Final *kurist* rite at end of the ceremonial season.*shimish*: To cure by means of the frenzied pounding of sticks.*Shaw*, "The Charred Portion of a Half-Consumed Log": *shat'* name obtained in the beginning of time.*Shamash*: House used by a group of first settlers near *Shax* in the beginning of time.*Shamashat*: Daughter of the first settlers at *Nashpist* in the beginning of time.*shashat*: Fungus.*shashimash*: 1—Bun made of strands of cedar-bark.2—Ancient name of *nasad* head-dress.*shap*: Ceremonial designs executed on the exterior front wall of a house.*shash*: Bone.*Shashitash*: *Kurist* name of a *Kimsquit* man.*shash*: Whip.*Shashimash*: Rack on shore of North Bentinck Arm where war trophies were washed.*Shashat*: Name of house brought down by first settlers at *Shishat* in the beginning of time; the term was also applied by them to one of their female relatives.*shat*, *shashat*, *shash*: Parent-in-law or child-in-law.*shash*: Suitable place in the river for setting clacknet nets.*shash*: Game played with throwing stones.*shashat*: Synonym for *yousmas*, the tangible or intangible prerogative possessed by some *shashat* in addition to a dance rite.*shashat*: River sculpin.

192*

[824]

[765]

[824]

[585]

[825]

[584]

[431]

[825]

[412]

[755]

[824]

[415]

[825]

[727]

[601]

[424]

[825]

726
[714]
[297]

hair with white eagle-down. Warriors when on a war party must not drink more than four mouthfuls of water, else they would be killed. A watchman was appointed in each canoe, who sat in the bow. On landing near the village of their enemies they divided themselves into a number of parties, one house of the village being assigned to each. Then, early in the morning, when all were asleep, they rushed up to the village uttering their war cry 'wai!' They took a stand at the fire which burns in the centre of the house, and if any one of the enemies succeeded in taking up his arms and came out of his bedroom they killed him. Then they entered the bedrooms, killed the men, and took the women and children along as slaves. The heads of the dead were cut off, the houses burnt, and they returned home singing war-songs. The heads which they had taken along were then scalped, and the scalps tied to each end of a pole. When they approached their village one man stood up in the bow of each canoe and swung the pole to which the scalps were attached, and they all sang songs, in which their deeds were recounted. The scalps were valued the higher the longer and fuller the hair. They were used in the Sisan'ku.

● 727

648

726

[737]

The following tales of war expeditions offer some points of interest. About thirty or forty years ago there was a famine at Bella Coola. The people went overland to Knight Inlet, which belongs to the Tenaqtaq, a tribe of the Kwakiutl, to fish there. The Tenaqtaq made fun of them, took from them the fish they caught, tore the blankets from the backs of the women, and seduced many of them. Finally the Bilqula returned home. There they held a council and resolved to make war upon the Tenaqtaq. The Tinneh joined them in this expedition. They crossed the mountains in four days. When they approached Knight Inlet they sent two spies in advance, who were to count the number of houses in the village of the Tenaqtaq. Early in the morning they attacked the houses and killed a great many men. The Tenaqtaq could not escape, as they were hemmed in by the river. The Bilqula slew them with knives, lances, and stone axes. They took away the clothes of the women, leaving them naked, and subjected them to shameful insults in revenge for the disgrace put upon their wives and daughters. Then they burnt the village.

[712]

About thirty-five years ago the Talio'mu were attacked by the Kwakiutl. Originally they intended to attack Nuqa'lkun, but the raven, according to the narrator, changed their mind, as he always protects the village of Nuqa'lkun. They came in many canoes, while most of the Talio'mu were at the lake, which is situated above that town, fishing. Four men were in charge of the village, and a number of old men and women had also remained at home. The father of Nuak'slu'sta, who told me of these events, happened to be out picking berries, accompanied by his wife. He saw the canoes passing by and kept himself hidden. The village of Talio was at that time surrounded by a strong stockade, which consisted of a double row of palisades crowned with thorns. At each corner there was a strong box fastened on the stockade like a tower. Here watchmen were stationed, who were able to shoot at the enemy while being themselves protected. At that time the Talio'mu had only four guns. The Kwakiutl sent out two spies, who reported that the village was well fortified. The Talio'mu had seen the canoes coming and were on their guard. The Kwakiutl thought that they would not be able to enter the village until after the stockade had been destroyed.